

## Out of Touch

Jared Plazonja

The ringing pierced my ears, it startled me. I escaped from it for a second, but then it surged again, filling my whole car with that horrible shrill. I glanced away from the road for a second, to see what was pounding my ears every few seconds. Laura was calling. I let the phone ring once more, but then reluctantly grabbed it, and slid the bar across the bottom where it said *Slide To Answer*.

“Finally!” she snapped. I hated when she did that.

“Hey!” I called back, trying to distract her from whatever she was going to say.

“Why haven’t you answered? So I was wonderin-” and then the call dropped. I threw the phone into the seat next to me, and my eyes wandered back to the road. I had just pulled into the parking lot of the office building where I work. Wonderful, we had a meeting today about budgets and spending. The iPhone was still lit up on the home page, where all the tiny apps shone brightly through the morning air. A little red circle was around the call app. I picked the phone up again, opening the door of my car. It was from Laura. One new voicemail.

I hit the home button on the bottom of the phone, and was about to turn it off when a little red circle appeared on the *App Store* app. I clicked this, which took me to a page filled with all the app updates I needed. I clicked “update”, and typed in my password. As I did this, I knocked over a little girl walking in front of me.

“Hey!” her mother said, angrily staring at me. “Get off that phone and watch where you’re going!” I glanced up to her, then at the little girl, and then back to the phone, which had just finished updating the Facebook App, which now had a red circle with a “2” in the middle of it in the upper right corner. I tapped on the app, watching as the screen shifted from the home menu to the Facebook menu, containing my news feed, friends, profile, chat, photos, and more stuff I’ve never used before. The requests page had a red circle next to it. As I entered the elevator, to go to my meeting, which was now 15 minutes away, I hit the requests page, which took me to a page saying Laura wanted to be friends with me. I hit accept, seeing as she was my wife. The ringing started again, and it was Laura. I silenced the call, and returned to Facebook.

While navigating throughout the Facebook app, I realized my meeting was only three minutes away, so I ran across the floor into the conference room, to find a full table of people, plus one empty seat waiting for me.

“Sorry I’m late. Cooper, would you like to start by announcing our profits for this year, versus the projected profits for next year?” Cooper, a small stocky man to my left nodded and stood up, bringing a large poster board with a graph up to the table.

“Firstly... we did not reach our” his voice trailed off as my phone uncontrollably buzzed inside my pocket. I looked at it, only to find that all my apps were up to date. This was great, and I began to slide the phone within my pocket when I notice an app I hadn’t used very much, called Flight Control. Seeing as the meeting wasn’t drawing my attention, I tapped it, and found a game in which you are an air traffic controller. I got lost within this game, reaching a high score of 111, and discovered numerous new apps as Cooper was still talking.

“Alex,” he said.

“Shut up! You made me lose my score!” I yelled.

“Alexander Bell!” he yelled.

The room fell silent as I hit the restart button on the game. It was then that I realized I was in the middle of a meeting. I dropped the phone to the floor, angry it had caused me all this mishap, and looked up at the table of angry businessmen before me.

“I apologize,” I said.

“Yes well I think it would be better if you would take the day off, maybe work out some of those issues you’ve been having at home.” He said quietly.

“My marriage is none of your business,” I quipped, and left the table. Just then my phone buzzed, it was a call. I picked it up off the floor, and looked at it. Laura. What could she want?

It was 12:13 when I left the office. Walking to the parking lot to get inside my car was a blur. I was trying to play Papi Jump, an app which requires a level phone. Therefore, I walked into walls, desks, and other people more than I would have liked to. Despite this, I managed to get out of the parking lot. All this extra time on my phone was slightly productive. I was able to complete all my work in between switching apps, via the Email app. It had started snowing while I wasted away inside my office, and there was a slightly slippery road to drive on. I played with my phone anyway, seeing as ever few minutes I would get a text message, or email.

That harsh shrill rang in my ears just as I reached the intersection before my house. It was Laura, probably wanting to talk. What was left to say after last night? I silenced her call, and was returned to the home menu just as the light turned green. I

angrily clicked Real Racing, and accelerated. The speedometer surpassed 50 mph in a couple of seconds. I was half way through the intersection, and had no intention of braking. Trees and everything flew by me as the engine revs got louder. 70 mph. I took the turn faster than I should have, my car almost flipping. The truck to my right didn't seem to be going too fast. 80 mph. I shifted into fourth. 85. Letting my hands off the wheel for a second, I glanced around. Game over.